Middlebury Vt. Sept. 21st 1848

Dear brother;

It is now some four or five weeks since I left you at Sangdon, at which time you promised to write to me when you should have commenced your term of study at Meriden. But not a word have I heard from you yet, either directly or indirectly. For some days, - yes, even weeks, I have been calling regularly at the Post Office, expecting each time to find some message from you, but have as often been disappointed. What all this neglect on your part can mean, I confess I am at a loss to form any conjecture. But I can stand it no longer. And as I learned by a letter from father that you did go to Meriden as you intended, taking for granted that you are now there, I assume to write this short epistle, in order to break a silence, which ought no longer to be endured. Forgive me for thus chastising you. Surely I mean no ill. Perhaps you deserve no reproof. May be, while becoming occupied in ~~gravioribus~~ rebus gravioribus, you have unintentionally neglected to discharge ~~your fraternal~~ obligations. Or perhaps time has not dragged so tediously with you as with myself, and therefore you are not aware of your delinquency. Whatever may be the truth of the matter, I trust this will prompt to an explanation, and enable me to know whether I may still claim a share in your notice or not.

As regards myself or my business, I have nothing of interest to communicate; will enter into no long account of my journey to Middlebury, or the transactions that have occurred since my arrival. Suffice it to say, that I reached old No. 26 (the No. of my room)

safe and sound; and after two days of rubbing and scrubbing, located myself for another year, glad enough that the siege was over. I then gradually set myself to studying ~~study~~, since which matters have for the most part gone on in the usual old and unmusical way. Nothing yet has occured, very much calculated to produce excitement either of mind or body (save the sawing of ½ cord of wood, which by the way caused some muscular excitement). Our class are all present again, save one, Kinney from Barre, who has left for good; for good I say, supposing that he intends to do better elsewhere. It seemed to us a remarkable elevation, to be raised to Sophomore dignity, and be ranked as one of the upper classes. We go one story higher in the chapel than before, and the Seniors & Juniors even deign to bow to us when they meet us in the streets. Wonderful, how a few circumstances will affect one's importance in the world, isn't it! Well, no great rise after all; only a little ~~a little~~ dignity which custom has established. Yet there is, as you must know, some satisfaction in emerging from the low rank which is assigned to freshmen, and to see our successors, initiated into the mysteries of college life. On the whole, the present freshman class is a remarkable one indeed. There are only 12 of them present, two others expected. But what gives them distinction, is the fact, that one of them is a married man (Austin from Shelford), who has his wife here with him; not exactly in college, but at his boarding place. This beats all! The laws of college expel a student for committing matrimony while a member. But it seems that this Austin had the cunning, to accomplish the deed before he entered.

They, as is usual with freshmen, during the first of the term, were seized with many superstitious notions, fancying that

they were nightly visited by ghosts and evil spirits, insisting that they saw the doors coming off their hinges, their windows flying in pieces, and all things in confusion. Indeed one was so much terrified by what appeared to be a small tribe of the South sea Islanders, who called upon him in a neighborly way, that he sought refuge in another part of the village for the night. However they are getting over such superstitions, and I guess are now generally satisfied that it was all a hoax.

Prof Parker is here, discharging his duties as Prof. of mathematics, and I guess will be well liked. Prof. Robbins was married in vacation. His wife is the daughter of Prof. Stuart D.D. of Andover.

Gov. Eaton is expected next Spring. Whether the prospects of the Coll. are really brightening or not I cannot say. $2500 have been raised, which affords some ground for hope. But the paucity of number in the freshmen class certainly looks rather ominous.

Our studies for this term are, Euclid, Rhetoric, the Memorabilia, Cicero de Officiis, Greek testament &c. all very pleasant, and doubtless profitable. I also get now and then an hour to devote to miscellaneous reading. My time wears away, — I cannot say unpleasantly, but I sometimes get lonely in this my solitude, and sigh for the halcyon days, when I (as you are now) was pursuing my studies at the academy. But they can never return, and it were useless to dwell on things thus past.

I recieved a letter from father last week. The folks were well at home. He wrote that George Chase is dead, which you may have heard of. Had a letter from Sumner two or three weeks ago. He was well, but not very well much pleased with his school. He remarked that his scholars had but little inclination to study and were exceedingly ungovernable. This is the sad condition

of not a few schools in the land, I opine. I have not engaged any school for the winter yet, and am afraid I shall not get one. I see but little prospect of getting one here, and if not here, I know not where I can engage one. It would be truly unfortunate for me to be without employment during the winter: But I will not borrow trouble about it at present.

Yours most truly, Solon Albee.

P.S. (Write very soon)

Solon Albee

1848.